

12

S O N G S, &c.

IN THE

TEST of LOVE:

A

F A R C E.

PERFORMED AT THE

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L,

H A Y - M A R K E T.

L O N D O N;

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand, 1787.

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SONO

IN THE

TEST OF

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Usbeck,	-	-	-	Mr. DAVIES.
Osmin,	-		-	Mr. JOHNSON.
Cadi,	-	-	-	Mr. PARSONS.
Mustapha,	-		-	Mr. SWORDS.
Nathan,	-		-	Mr. BARRETT.
Curgy,	-	-	-	Mr. EDWIN.
Nadina,	-		-	Mrs. BANNISTER.
Fanny,	-	-	-	Miss GEORGE.
Venetian,	-		-	Miss BRANGIN.
Circassian,	-		-	Mrs. CUYLER.

DAVID L. JEFFERSON

0972-1874

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S O N G S, &c.
IN THE
TEST of LOVE.

A C T I.

A I R I.—*Curgy.*

WHEN I first went a-gadding to fam'd
London town,
With my horum banditorum,
I was then, as a body may say, a mere clown,
With my hipsy, clipsey, clingo:
If I had no wit then, yet I soon became taught,
And that wit must be good, for I am sure its all
bought.

With my horum banditorum,
Sing it again, my brave boys.

II. Their

II.

Their girls are the children of beauty and mirth,
 With my horum banditorum,
 And so willing, they give you a heaven on earth,
 With my hipfy, clipfy, clingo;
 They gladden the heart like their full-flowing
 bowls,
 And Mahomet lies, for I'm sure they've all souls.
 With my horum banditorum,
 Sing it again, my brave boys.

III.

The Englishmen change like an April-day,
 With my horum banditorum;
 For all in a breath they will scold, kifs and play,
 With my hipfy, clipfy, clingo.
 Tho' stung by its members, they value the law,
 Forgive ten offences, yet fight for a straw.
 With my horum banditorum,
 Sing it again, my brave boys.

A I R II.—*Usbeck.*

Dear image of the maid I love,
 Whose charms you bring to view,
 In absence some delight I'll prove,
 By gazing still on you.

Debarr'd her sight, by tyrant pow'r,
 How wretched should I be,
 But that I cheer each lonely hour
 By gazing still on thee!

A I R III.—*Nadina.*

Was there ever poor nymph so tormented as I?
 My nights pass embitter'd, my days with a sigh:
 I have lost the dear object my heart did adore,
 And the joys of existence for me are no more.

II.

My soul's unimpassion'd, and lost in its woe,
 For the source is dried up whence its transports
 did flow.

Ah hapless decree that tore peace from my mind,
 And left but a blank of distraction behind!

B

III. My

III.

My creative fancy is busied to trace
 The grace of his mien, and the charms of his
 face;
 But e'en fancy must die, and sweet love must
 expire,
 For the tears that I shed will extinguish his fire.

A I R IV.—*Fanny.*

O give me freedom, give me love,
 O give me peace and plenty!
 O give me, all ye powers above,
 A husband!—I'm but twenty.
 More wives than one
 He shall have none,
 Tho' it be deem'd vulgarity:
 Of all the rules
 That's learnt at schools,
 O fie upon plurality!

II. He

II.

He must to me be true alone;
 He must have youth and beauty;
 Such quality will tye the zone,
 And keep me to my duty.
 But if he stray
 A single day,
 And swerve from my matricular,
 I'll leave him strait,
 He'll know his fate,
 I love to be particular.

A I R V.—*Nadina.*

Ah where shall I run? to what cave am I going?
 My bosom with anguish is burst and o'erflowing!
 The sun hides his head, and the flowers cease
 blowing!

Ah Nadina, poor Nadina!
 Hark! how the Echo mocks Nadina!

II.

Must I ne'er see him more? Ev'n Hope says no,
 never!

But say why should Destiny wantonly sever
 Those hearts Love cemented for ever and ever?

Ah Nadina, poor Nadina!
 Hark! how the Echo mocks Nadina!

III.

Could I breathe in his bosom, the seat of Love's
treasure,

I'd carrol a sonnet, in soft artless measure,
And strive to seduce his poor mind into pleasure.

Ah Nadina, poor Nadina !

Hark ! how the Echo mocks Nadina !

IV.

Oh heavens ! if I were invested with power,
The best gifts of Fortune on him would I shower :
Then Joy, Love and Rapture should lead ev'ry
hour !

Ah Nadina, poor Nadina !

Hark ! how the Echo mocks Nadina !

ACT

A C T II.

A I R VI.—*Curgy.*

A Pretty maid went to a jolly young miller,
To grind her corn for a handful of piller;

La, la, tic, tic, tic, tac,

La, la, mic, mic, mic, mac.

As the mill ran round in its usual way,

And to all the pretty damsels seem'd to say,

“ Come, my pretty maids, and have your corn
ground,

“ Come to me, I say, while the mill goes
round.”

II.

Young Miller, said the maid, will you lead me
to the mill?

Oh yes, my pretty maid, on a promise that you
will—

La, la, tic, tic, tic, tac,

La, la, mic, mic, mic, mac.

As

As the mill ran round in its usual way,
And to all the pretty damsels seem'd to say,
" Come, my pretty maids, and have your corn
ground,
" Come to me, I say, while the mill goes
round."

III.

Oh Miller, lord! oh fye! what is it you are
doing?
I protest, I vow, I blush—my stars! is this your
wooing?

La, la, tic, tic, tic, tac,
La, la, mic, mic, mic, mac.

As the mill ran round in its usual way,
And to all the pretty damsels seem'd to say,
" Come, my pretty maids, and have your corn
ground,
" Come to me, I say, while the mill goes
round."

IV.

Dear me, how I am towzled!—what will my
mother say,
When she finds, you wicked miller, that I have
been at play?

La, la, tic, tic, tic, tac,
La, la, mic, mic, mic, mac.

As

As the mill ran round in its usual way,
And to all the pretty damsels seem'd to say,
" Come, my pretty maids, and have your corn
ground,
" Come to me, I say, while the mill goes
round."

F I N A L E—*Usbeck.*

Though sorrow's arrows wound the mind,
And phantom blifs deride us,
The human bark should never sink
While radiant hope will guide us.
The clouds that lowr'd in the morn
To crush each fond endeavour,
Before the rapid gales of Fate
Are fled away for ever !

C H O.

C H O R U S.

Then now we'll laugh,
 And gaily quaff
 A glass to Fortune's graces,
 As lean Despair
 And meagre Care
 We drive from our embraces.

N A D I N A.

Since heav'n to crown a lover's wish
 Has been for once complying,
 Old Time may whet his murth'ring scythe,
 Without Nadina's sighing.
 For now my heart from roseate joy
 Has taken a new lease of,
 And all its little flutt'ring guests
 May go to bed in peace of.

C H O R U S.

Then now we'll laugh, &c.

C U R G Y.

To overthrow that giant Woe,
The Comic Doctors all agree
No med'cine e'er could blunt his skill
Like potent *sal volatile*.
To Fortune I'm resolv'd to write,
That she may use me better ;
But vain, alas, shall I indite,
If you don't sign—the letter.

(To the Audience.)

C H O R U S.

For then we'll, &c.

T H E E N D.

(17)

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